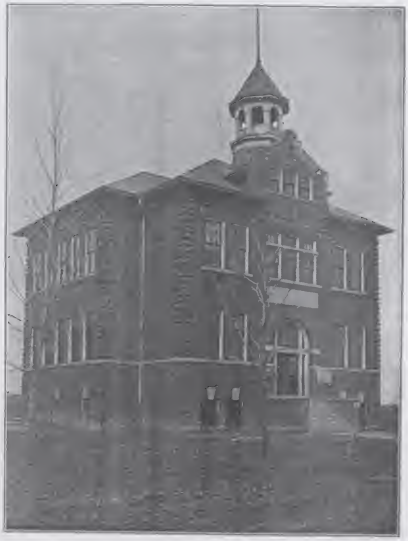

LIBERTY CENTER HIGH SCHOOL.

TOP ROW (Left to right)—Mr. Welch, Mr. Davidson.
BOTTOM ROW (Left to right)—Miss Aylesworth, Miss Deopker, Miss Danielson, Miss Babcock.

Teachers

WHAT looked to be an uninspiring school term became one of the most successful and enjoyable terms for the pupils and attendance of Liberty Center High School due to the untiring efforts of Mr Welch, principal, Miss Deopker, Mr. Davidson, Miss Babcock, Miss Danielson and Miss Aylesworth, who have done their utmost in guiding the progress of the school.

There are times when it is hard for a Principal to look on the bright side. Mr Welch evidently believes it is the duty of everyone to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can for the pupils and in the end the great balance rights itself.

Besides the regular studies the play gives wonderful training in self-control and personality of the scholars.

The writing of this Annual is another event which has never been attempted before. It also is educational.

Hot biscuits in cold weather is another commendable accomplishment.

Miss Deopker, teacher of English, Latin and Domestic Science, believes that there is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. She works with the pupils to cultivate all that is genial in them.

Mr Davidson, teacher of History, Botany and Physics, all studies most interesting to the students, is well liked by the scholars.

Miss Babcock, teacher of the Sixth and Seventh grades is one of the veteran teachers of the school. She believes it is far more noble to improve each hour in cultivating the mind, to reach out after higher good, thus growing better within.

Miss Danielson, teacher of the Fourth and Fifth grades, finds great problems to meet which sometimes taxes the happiest temper to keep the

(Continued on Page Twenty-two)

HERBERT DALKE
(Thinks little, but talks much)

LEONA ASHTON
(A budding Poetess)

CLASS OF 1924

CATHERINE DAI
(Don't get excited, now)

LILA GUSTAFSON
(The strawberry blonde)

Senior Class

CLASS COLOR: Blue and Gold.

CLASS FLOWER: American Beauty.

CLASS MOTTO: "Every man has his gift, and the tools go to him that can use them."

CLASS OFFICERS:

Herbert Dalke.....Business Manager
Catherine Dau.....President
Leona Ashton.....Secretary
Lila Gustafson.....Treasurer

MEMBERS:

Herbert Dalke
Lila Gustafson
Catherine Dau
Leona Ashton

EX-MEMBERS:

Robert Fries
Robert Wheeler
Edward Olson
Wallace Johnson
Wallace Hanrahan
Edgar Gustafson
Marguerite LaHayne
Claude Linberg

Senior Class Poem

On to a better, brighter day
A day in the end called perfect.
A day well spent is one many years long
A day filled with Music, Knowledge and Song.

When high school days are over and all good-byes
are said;
We think we have found the day, and in our
heart is rest.
But yet we are so young.
Can we? Will we? Stand the test?

Some are happy to settle down, others marry and
few move on.
Greatness will never be found in the former ways,
In the latter, yet wait and see
Who knows the Abraham Lincoln that is to be.

It may be the Johnny with the wrinkled face,
It may be the girl, all dimples and lace.
Our body is only the shadow, our soul will find
its place,
Time will tell, not the face.

Senior Class History

NINETEEN Hundred Twenty-four is called upon to record the deeds of her years of High School work upon the pages of History. The history of our four years, which is now nearing its completion is very interesting.

In the beginning of our career in 1920, eleven girls and boys were enrolled.

During these years we labored hard in the fields of Botany under Mr. Reider; Algebra and Latin under Mr. Lambka, and English under Miss Rands.

Despite examination and book reviews the year closed.

In 1921 we entered as Sophomores. At Christmas Algebra was finished, and we took up Geometry. The tho't which made us shiver. We also began to study Ancient History, which proved interesting. How tickled we were when we all made our credits.

The latter part of May brought this year to a close.

In 1922 we entered as Jolly Juniors. At Christmas we finished Geometry, and took up Commercial Arithmetic and American History. This year closed again with decided success.

In 1923 we entered as Seniors, but four in number. We failed to find our principal, Mr. Wright there, but his absence was replaced by Mr. Welch.

We took up Physics under Mr. Davidson, and learned: "That a man will float in a bathtub full of water, because he displaces a volume of water equal to his own volume."

We also studied English Literature, History, Physiology and Civics, which all proved interesting.

This year has been one of much enjoyment. Ever since we came to L. C. H. S. we looked forward to this year with pleasure, for:

"As Freshies we dreamed of it.
As Sophs we longed for it.
As Juniors we envied it.
As Seniors we have it."

This year of 1924 we wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Welch, Mr. Davidson and Miss Deopker for their faithfulness shown to us, during our last year's work.

Before our departure we desire to say: "Farewell, God speed you on your way; may your years be long and prosperous."

—LILA GUSTAFSON, '24.

IN MEMORY OF EDWARD OLSON

For two years and more we're missed him
Missed him in our work and play,
But we always shall remember
His big smiles and winsome way.

When the school bell starts its ringing,
His sweet face we see no more;
Life is short, so we'll soon meet him,
Meet him on the other shore.

Prophecy of Class of '24

TIME to get up."

Ho, hum, what was that? I must have been dreaming. It was so pleasant and what was it all about? I had been at a Farmers' meeting at L. C. H. S. How strange it all seemed. Many of the children, who had been in the grades, when I was a dignified Senior in '24, were now in High School and so changed were their looks and stature that I did not recognize some of them.

I heard some one behind me say: "Why, there's Catherine." I turned around and who should I see in the hall, but Leona Ashton. I went out only to find a still greater surprise. There was Herbert Dalke and Lila Gustafson. How such a queer coincidence could come to pass was more than I could figure out to my satisfaction. Greetings being exchanged, our conversation naturally turned to the good old days we spent together at L. C. H. S. I had spent my Junior and Senior years with them so there were plenty of jolly pranks and good times to turn back to. We acted more like we were Seniors once more instead of grown-up men and women. All had their stories to tell of what they had done after graduation, what line of business they had followed, and how they had succeeded.

Lila always said that she wanted to become a teacher and that's just what she turned out to be. She had worked for a while in Valparaiso and then taken a course in the Chicago University. She got her degree and obtained a position as teacher of Modern Languages at L. C. H. S. and later at Valpo High school. She had learned, meanwhile, what makes teachers get so cranky, especially when she thought of her own school days.

Herbert had such a dignified air about him that I knew he must be holding some classy position. I learned that he had completed a course at an engineering school at Ann Arbor, Michigan. He worked hard to become an expert electrical engineer, and his labors had been well rewarded. He had a good position and was making much success at his work. He admitted that he never dreamed that he would ever make much use of some of the things which he had learned in Physics, but when it came to making his own way in this world he could make use of a great many things which had seemed useless to him before.

Leona had once mentioned, while she was yet a Senior, that she could do nothing but take in washings for a living after she graduated. From her appearance now one would never suspect that such a thought had ever passed through her mind, even for a joke. She had done what all people should do. She had perfected her natural talent for drawing and art by taking a course in art at the Chicago University. She was given a position as illustrator for a magazine and had made a greater success than she had any idea of when she used to draw sketches for our annual six years ago.

Of those past six years, I had spent the first two in working for and getting a business education and the next four in working my way up to a good position. I now was an expert stenographer at Marshal Field and Company.

A person isn't unlucky all the time as some people seem to think. Such a coincidence must be purely good luck. It does one more good than a day off to meet old friends and have a friendly chat about the past, present and future.

All during the meeting we were in our old place, in the coat room, where we always used to be when there were any "goings on" at the school house. We were just about to bid farewell with hopes of meeting again when I heard my morning call and I found myself still a Senior of the Class of '24.

—CATHERINE DAU, '24.

Last Will and Testament

WE, THE SENIORS of Liberty Center High School, being of sound mind and excellent quality, do, on this twenty-first day of February, make this our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

To the Freshies, we leave the Golden Rule, all other necessary things to carry them through their stormy four years, we leave also a small packet of advice to the infants and lots of good luck, which they will need.

To the Sophomores, the right to give any one a shove who happens to be standing where they wish to walk, also first place to the looking glass.

To the Juniors, we bequeath the right to gaze at our credits for two long minutes and hold our diplomas for five. We also bequeath to them the right to hold our mighty and exalted positions next year and the right to the back seats, unless the principal prefers a noisy stillness to reign throughout the year as in Ichabod Crane's schoolroom.

To Miss Deopker we leave a piece of the red, white and blue because she has been true blue to the Seniors.

To Mr. Davidson, we leave the Gary Business College—Calendar so every Sunday he will pray for the welfare of his future Physics class.

To Mr. Welch we leave our "Big Ben," so he will continue to be the ever efficient man we have found him to be.

Lastly, we extend to our "beloved brethern" and "fellows," together with our "dear masters," our deepest love, gratitude and respect. All that we ask in return is that our names be in the "Family Bible."

Signed and witnessed by

Catherine Dau, Lila Gustafson,
Herbert Dalke, Leona Ashton.

Calendar

Sept. 10.—Back to Liberty Center Knowledge House! What a queer, but exalted feeling, to be a dignified Senior! The Freshies feel quite unimportant in our presence.

Sept. 17.—One week with "No books yet" as an excuse has passed.

Sept. 20.—Miss Deopker tries out our vocal powers and finds them quite satisfactory. (?).

Sept. 30.—Seats changed. Freshies to the front.

Oct. 5.—Marjorie occupies the "chair of state," behind the piano for the first time.

Oct. 9.—Seniors begin to see how much (?) they know in Physics.

Oct. 26.—Herbert Daike takes first prize at the Hallowe'en party for having a costume that made him non-detectable.

Nov. 5.—Lucy lost her rouge. No wonder her face didn't seem familiar.

Nov. 12.—The Barney Googles won their Country Gentleman Contest.

Nov. 21.—Everybody is beginning to talk about where they are going for Thanksgiving dinner.

Nov. 27.—Good-bye to good old school until December 2.

Dec. 5.—Weeney roast at Gustafson's. Did we eat? Oh, no!

Dec. 12.—Leona sat under the table in Physics laboratory.

Dec. 15.—Two weeks' vacation coming.

Dec. 21.—The "Spark Plugs" paid their debt in the form of giving a play. The teachers gave a treat. Everyone received a present.

Jan. 17-18.—"Reign of Terror"—exams.

Jan. 18.—Birthday surprise party on Leona.

Jan. 21.—Soup and cocoa served in basement, under direction of Mr. Welch, Leona, Lila, Gertrude and Violet.

Jan. 30.—Surprise party on Herbert.

Feb. 4.—Herbert replaces Gertrude as Kitchen Mechanic.

Feb. 8.—Sleighing party and surprise on Genevieve.

Feb. 11.—Astrid's got her hair bobbed.

Feb. 14.—Sylvester was quite popular. Lucy and Hulda were called up to Mr. Welch's desk, expecting to "catch the deuce," but instead received some valentines.

Feb. 15.—Debate on "It is better for a family to live in the country than in the city," between Leonard and Gertrude on the affirmative and Catherine and Edgar on the negative, given for the P. T. A. Result was a tie.

Feb. 18.—Pearl had her hair curled.

Feb. 19.—Once again, "No Physics." Mr. Davidson didn't appear.

Feb. 20.—Lila tells us that water won't burn. That is the first time we ever knew that.

Feb. 21.—Violet found out that the floor was hard.

March 3.—First practice for school play, "Safety First."

March 12.—Play progressing fine and a stage made in the basement.

April 4-5.—Play was given and proved to be a big success.

May.—Annual is issued.

Alumni Roll Call

FLORENCE WHEELER	Stenographer	Valparaiso.		
MORRIS TODD		Chesterton.		
IRENE SWANSON	Steel mill worker.	Valparaiso.		
GARRET OSBORN		Gary.		
AUGUST LIDTKA	Farmer.	Valparaiso.		
DEWEY BABCOCK				
FLOYD MEAD	Farmer.	Valparaiso.		
HAROLD PEARSON	Teacher.	Chesterton.	Married.	Lester Pearson.
VINA ASHTON		Chicago, Ill.	Married.	Hermin Anderson
SUSIA ASHTON		Chicago, Ill.	Married.	Fritz Boedaker.
EDNA CAREY		Valparaiso.	Married.	John Conrick.
FLORENCE CUSON	Stenographer.	Valparaiso.		
PEARL HANRAHAN		Crocker.	Married.	Clarance Pillman.
EVELYN ANDERSON	Steel mill worker	Gary.		
MAURICE THATCHER	Steel mill worker	Chesterton.		
ARTHUR SCHMIDT		Valparaiso.		
MARY TURK		Valparaiso.		
JESSIE CAMPBELL	Clerk.	Millers.	Married.	Luella Cary.
HUBERT COLE	Farmer.	Chesterton.		
RUDOLPH SCHMIDT	Teacher.	Chesterton.		
HANNA DANIELSON		Hobart.	Married.	Albert Nagel.
ELVERA BLANK	Farmer.	Valparaiso.		
WAYNE BABCOCK				
HELEN THATCHER	Farmer.	Valparaiso.		
ALFRED DALKE	Printer.	Valparaiso.	Married.	Emma Hiacher.
PAUL WHEELER		Valparaiso.	Married.	Arthur Stewart.
ELSIE WHEELER		Valparaiso.	Married.	
HANNIBEL MEAD	Stenographer.	Chesterton.		
EVELYN LINDERMAN	Stenographer.	Valparaiso.		
NAOMI WHEELER	Teacher.	Valparaiso.		
ANNA GLOYESKI	Student.	Chesterton.		
FRED SCHMIDT	Teacher.	Michigan City.		
JUANITA FRANK	Stenographer.	McCool.		
STELLA MOORE	Teacher.	Crocker.		
LORENA LAHAYNE		Crocker.		
EDNA PILLMAN		Valparaiso.		
ELIZABETH REIDER	Student.	Chicago, Ill.		
AUGUST SCHMIDT	Laborer.	Valparaiso.		
ARVID JOHNSON				

School Roll Call

FRESHMEN.

Le Roy Hanrahan.....Full of Freshmen Questions.
Pearl Wheeler.....Hard to Overlook.
Genevieve Figolah.....Always Late.
Ida Cole.....Always Quiet.
Iva Cole.....Strictly a Freshman.
Marjorie Cuson.....Love Sick.
Lucy Laudahl.....Looks Like a Doll.
Hulda Johnson.....So Bashful.
Astrid Johnson.....Always There.
Grace Hockelberg.....Speak Louder.
Ruth Esserman.....Never Smiles.
Grace Leuberg.....Very Reserved.

SOPHOMORES.

Roy Hockelberg.....He Loves, but in Vain.
Astrid Larson.....A Charming little Bud.
Marguerite Hockelberg.....She's a Blonde.
Dorothy Behrendt.....A Musician.
Arvid Sheets.....What a Laugh.
Alice Tanner.....Always Smiling.

JUNIORS.

Harvey Biggs.....Spit out Your Gum, Please.
Violet Sanders.....Well Behaved.
Leonard Dillingham.....The Preacher.
Gertrude Hockelberg.....At the Head of her Class.
Oakley Lutes.....Fat and Saucy.

YELLS

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE,

BLUEBERRY PIE,

V—I—C—T—O—R—Y.

ARE WE IN IT?

WELL, I GUESS,

LIBERTY CENTER, LIBERTY CENTER

L. C. H. S.

PLAY THEM HARD,

PLAY THEM LOW,

YEA, LIBERTY CENTER,

LET'S GO.

JUNIOR CLASS

TOP ROW—(Left to right)—Leonard Dillingham, Oscar Gustafson, Harvey Biggs, Arthur Schmidt, Oakley Lutes.
BOTTOM ROW—(Left to right)—Gertrude Hockelberg, Violet Sanders.

THREE years ago in the fall of 1921 twelve curious little Freshies entered the Liberty Center High School. They were: Leonard Dillingham, Oakley Lutes, Violet Sanders, Alice Tagner, John Cuson, Marcus Miller, Hiram Frank, Robert Wheeler, Wallace Johnson, Arthur Schmidt, Harvey Biggs and Gertrude Hockelberg. Of that number there are only six remaining in the class. Some of the rest had misfortunes and some of them left school because they thought other occupations offered better opportunities. The six remaining members are: Arthur Schmidt, Harvey Biggs, Oakley Lutes, Violet Sanders, Leonard Dillingham and Gertrude Hockelberg. Alice Tagner discontinued her studies during the Sophomore year after her mother's death, but she came back this year and started the Sophomore year over again. Marcus Miller left school during the Freshman year. The last we know of him he was a caddy at the golf links in Chicago. Robert Wheeler left school during the Freshman year to go to work at Alliance, Nebraska. John Cuson left school during the Freshman year and is working on the farm. Wallace Johnson did not return after the first year. He remained at home to gain first hand knowledge in Agriculture. Hiram Frank left us during the Freshman year. He was lured away by the desire for adventure. Since that time he has been working and traveling in different parts of the Central and Western States.

During the first year of High School, we were led through Botany by Mr. Charles Reeder, through puzzling Latin verbs and puzzling Algebra problems by Mr. Harvey Landka and through English by Miss Beatrice Marse.

In the second year Mr. E. E. Weaver taught us Commercial Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry. Mrs. Hazel Brockelman taught Caesar and English.

This year Mr. W. L. Weaver teaches our Physics, and Solid Geometry Classes. Miss Marie Dempker, our English Class and Mr. C. K. Davidson our History Class.

GERTRUDE C. HOCKELBERG, '25

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

(Left to right)—Arvid Sheets, Dorothy Behrendt, Alice Tanner, Astrid Larson, Marguerite Hockelberg.

IN THE Autumn of 1922, twelve boys and girls, Dorothy Larson, Marguerite Hockelberg, William Sanders, Roy Hockelberg, Shirley Foster, Astrid Larson, Leroy Hanrahan, Arvid Sheets, Dorothy Behrendt, Genevieve McLaughlin, John McDowell and Pearl Wheeler came from far and near to attend Liberty Center High School.

We were as green as grass, when we entered that assembly room, but as we absorbed the knowledge High School gives, our green faded to a beautiful autumnal reddish brown, for as Freshmen, we studied diligently.

We were brought into the mysteries of Botany by Mr Davidson and into Algebra by Mr. Wright and English and Latin by Mrs. Bockelmann

Soon after the beginning of the second semester, William Sanders left us. Towards the latter part of May, we had our final tests and school closed with most of the Freshmen looking forward to the day when we would enter again with more familiarity.

A year has gone by! Now we are Sophomores, More than half had left our ranks, which are now made up of Alice Tanner, Roy Hockelberg, Dorothy Behrendt, Arvid Sheets, Marguerite Hockelberg and Astrid Larson. Some had left to go to other callings. The first semester we were glad to receive a new member, Fred Hoffman, but he left us before the beginning of the second semester

Mr Davidson continued to be our teacher in Early European History instead of mysterious Botany, but we took up Algebra, then Geometry under our new principal, Mr. Welch and English and Caesar under Miss Deopker

We all hope next year to be Juniors and continue to enjoy our H. S. days

—ASTRID LARSON '26.

Bright Freshie—"Never use a preposition to end a sentence with."

Junior (talking about the latest shows, just as Mr. Welch was going upstairs)—"There's a good one, 'Going Up'."

FRESHMAN CLASS

TOP ROW—Leroy Hanrahan.
SECOND ROW—(Left to right)—Hulda Johnson, Genevieve Figolah, Grace Lenberg, Ruth Esserman, Astrid Johnson.
BOTTOM ROW—(Left to right)—Lucille Lundahl, Pearl Wheeler, Ida Cole, Grace Hockelberg, Marjorie Cuson, Iva Cole.

IN A lovely September morning in 1923, eleven girls—Astrid Johnson, Hulda Johnson, Grace Hockelberg, Grace Lenburg, Ida Cole, Pearl Wheeler, Genevieve Figolah, Marjorie Cuson, Iva Cole, Lucy Lundahl, myself, and one boy, Leroy Hanrahan, assembled at the Liberty Center High School to take up the studies of the Freshmen Class. The latter part of September, Hazel Collins joined us, but left again at the end of the first semester. All the above pupils came from Liberty Center, except Grace Lenberg, Genevieve Figolah, Pearl Wheeler, and Marjorie Cuson, who came from Phares school, while Iva Cole, Ida Cole and Hazel Collins came from Cole school.

All those that had gone to Liberty Center before felt quite at home. Those that came from other schools in the township were rather timid at first, but soon they recovered.

We were taught Algebra by Mr. Welch. Mr. Davidson tried to teach us Botany, but we found it rather difficult, while Miss Deopker taught us Latin and English. We found that Latin was rather hard to master when we failed to study, so we thought that the best plan was to work a little harder.

We all hope that the present class will come back in full force next year and the years to come and that all will graduate in 1927.

—RUTH ESSERMAN, '27.

Mr. Welch (in Physiology class)—"Oakley, how big is a hook worm?"

Oakley—"As big as an angleworm."

Gertrude—"Well, then you could see one when it crawls through your skin!"

Mr. Davidson—"What is Chicago noted for?"

Alice S.—"For people."

EIGHTH GRADE.

TOP ROW—(Left to right)—Leslie Sanders, Sylvester Gloyeski, Edward Essexner.
BOTTOM ROW—(Left to right)—Lillie Schmidt, Dora Schmidt, Alice Shaw, Ruth Johnson.

THE Eighth Grade at the beginning of the term of 1923, had nine members in the class. They were: Inez Farabee, Lillie Schmidt, Mae Anders, Ruth Johnson, Dora Schmidt, Leslie Sanders, Sylvester Gloyeski and Alice Shaw.

Mae Anders left us before Christmas, residing near LaPorte. Inez Farabee now attends the Crocker School. This leaves our class with seven pupils.

While the boys are studying Agriculture with disgust, the girls are studying Domestic Science with pleasure, as the following poems show:

We've a dear little teacher in Domestic Science
In whom we place our reliance.
Her knowledge is great,
What she keeps in her pate
Can always withstand our defiance.

The boys' poem:

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If Civics don't get us,
Agriculture must.

Besides these subjects we have been studying English, Reading, Arithmetic, Physiology, Geography and Spelling.

We are of a stern and very studious type, never doing anything out of the way. Of course, no class is perfect and so it is with ours. We find several of our studies rather hard to get, but we always take the bright side of a thing.

The High School has been lacking in one thing, which is of great importance that we, Eighth Graders, have found out, that is, the following commandments:

(1). Thou shalt not whisper.
(2). Thou shalt not leave the room without permission.
(3). Thou shalt not copy from they neighbor.
(4). Thou shalt keep fingers out of ye neighbor's desk.

—ALICE SHAW.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH GRADES.

TOP ROW (Left to right)—Marguerite Dan, Evelyn Lundahl, Harold Gustafson, Norma [illegible], Berenice Halick, Harold Vanderwey.
CENTER ROW (Left to right)—Elsie Biggs, Raymond Hockenberg, Eddie Glowski, Henry [illegible], Martin Lasgio, Melvin S[illegible].
BOTTOM ROW (Left to right)—Alfred Prentice, Gladys Biggs, Leona Henderson, Irene [illegible], Helen Esserman, Louella Dan.

WHEN school began we had twenty pupils in our "new" room, but Edward Anders and Violet Palmer left us for other schools.

We have had a busy and enjoyable year together. On Hallowe'en we had a marshmallow roast: on Thanksgiving a joint program with the other grades: at Christmas a Google-Sparkplug party, together with the H. S.; on Valentine's Day a box and on February 22, a Washington's Birthday party. Our St. Patrick's treat was furnished by Marguerite and the Sixth Grade girls did their best to give us a good time on April 1st. Most of us were "game" to eat the salted candy though. We are hoping for more good times before school is out.

We have tried to help with the P. T. A. programs and this with our library books, painting and basketry, have kept us interested.

In the Seventh Grade are Norma and Dorotha, the two "inseparables." Norma can not bear to be parted very long from "her dearest Dorotha." They surely must be kindred souls for they even miss school on the same day.

Then there is Melvin, who gets so lonesome that he has to go over and sit with his best pal, Martin. Then they study so well? ? ?

Eddie would take first prize as a giggler. Marguerite's paintings are envied by us all. Henry's silvery laugh is just one of his many charming qualities, but it gets him in trouble at times (mostly noons and recesses).

Evelyn is usually a conscientious worker, but sometimes the lessons are just "too silly" for her.

In the Sixth Grade we have Harold, the champion frowner and scolder. Helen does nothing worse than ring the bell to make us get back to our lessons again. Louella gets nothing but A's and B's on her card. Gladys is too quiet, we

(Continued on Page Twenty-two)

FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADES

TOP ROW (Left to right)—Edward Buczlowski, Albert Wozniak, Harold Esserman, Eva Beard, Dorothy Matson, Elizabeth Laszlo.
CENTER ROW (Left to right)—Louis Wozniak, Ralph Biggs, Clara Wozniak, Walter Essermad, Henry Biggs, Norval Hyden, Elvira Lindall, Helen Laszlo.
BOTTOM ROW (Left to right)—Louis Buczkowski, Oliver Gunder, Elestor McGolerick, Ruth Nicholson, Dorothy Rhoda, Anna Johnson, Helen Wozniak and Eda Johnson.

We will all think of our school chums
And all the work, play, laugh and fun.
The pleasant days we spent in our school
When we were taught to use a rule.

We remember the boy who used to sigh
And wish his Arithmetic problems were not nigh:
He knew when night came he must try
Or teacher would scold, which made him cry.

We will remember our fourth grade of fifteen,
We were good and not one was mean;
And every day we had our lessons fine
Teacher never had to scold at any time.

We will remember our fifth grade of seven
That never will forget the tables of eleven;
And we always had our lessons every day
So we worked but we liked to play.

We will remember how we learned to spell,
Used so much paper it made our fathers yell;
We have conquered and you wait and see,
We can spell hard words, even Mississippi.

We can all remember the days of spring
When boys play shinny and girls just swing;
Spring rains come and make the sky clear
And birds come from the south with cheer.

We remember our examinations, how we did fret,
We were kept awake wondering what we'd get;
We tried hard and usually made our grade,
Which made us feel like we were repaid.

We all remember the last day of school,
When we need not mind the Golden Rule;
Still we hate to leave our schoolmates true,
As it seems to make some feel rather blue.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

TOP ROW (Left to right)—Leonard Sanders, Henrietta Dau, Helen Daly, Leslie Esserman, Henry Wozniak, Kenneth Hyden, Edna Johnson, Rosalie Dau, Laura Nicholson.
CENTER ROW (Left to right)—Ruth LaHayne, Wilbur Bayler, Hazel Biggs, Robert Hockelberg, Clara Lorenz, Marjorie Vandewater, Marie Henderlong, Pearl Jaszlo.
BOTTOM ROW (Left to right)—Bernice Chevenger, Marshal Biggs, Lillian Hockelberg, Edward Marcinkowske, Robert Lorenz, Dorothy Buczkowske, Wesley Babcock, Pauline Bayler, Erna Beam

THE First Grade, which numbered fourteen in September, now numbers eleven. Four withdrew during the first three months. Marshal Biggs entered in December. While several are struggling hard to be at the head of the class in Reading, Arithmetic and Spelling, Wilbur is the champion story-teller. Pearl and the little red chair are almost inseparable in the Spelling class.

There are five in the Second Grade. Allen Anders withdrew in January. This class is striving hard to be the Banner class. Though few in number they usually succeed in getting the highest average for the black board chart. We can not imagine Bernice and Marie coming to class without a good lesson; Wesley or Erma reading without failing over some little words, nor Dorothy remembering to borrow when working take-away problems.

There are ten in the third grade. The class is divided into two sections, The Willing Workers and The Wonderful Workers. Both sides are anxiously contesting for the most head marks before the end of the term. The "pet" words in Spelling and the Multiplication tables are causing the most trouble to the weaker members of the class, who are putting forth an extra effort to master their work. To the members of this class work seems to be a joy, and a low grade something which must not happen very often. We hope: That checks may not always cause Kenneth the trouble that it does at present in the Spelling class; that Leonard will enjoy writing "enjoy" and "pulpit" if he ever learns to spell them; that Ruth and Leslie may not always frown at

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"Safety First" Given at Liberty Center H. S.

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP enjoyed an unusually fine entertainment last Friday and Saturday night "Safety First," a three-act play, was given by the Junior and Senior classes of the High School. This was the first time that such a long play was ever given at Liberty Center High School and the results show that many more can follow. The young people were coached by Miss Deopker, the English teacher and Mr Welch, the principal.

"Safety First," a comedy, has many unusually clever and mirth provoking situations in it. The plot hinges around two young men, Jack Montgomery and Jerry Arnold, who in their efforts to stop their cousin, Elmer Flannel, from marrying the Turkish maid, Zuleika, get into trouble with the police and are forced to go to jail. To keep the disgrace from Jack's wife, Mabel and Jerry's fiancee, Virginia, they tell them that they are going by boat to a convention of Shriners in Florida. In the second act the two young ladies are heart-broken because they have received word that Jack and Jerry are not to be found on board the boat and have probably been washed overboard. After the thirty days are up, Jack and Jerry return with complicated explanations about their trip. "The mother-in-law, Mrs. Bridger learns that Zuleika has been missing for thirty days also and she naturally thinks she accompanied the boys to Florida. Mabel decides to return to her mother's roof and never see Jack again. The third act straightened out the tangle after a series of laughable events culminating in an elopement down a ladder. Jack, who thinks he is eloping with his wife, Mabel, finds that the lady he is running away with is the Irish cook, Mary Ann O'Finnerty. Throughout the play the "terrible Turk," Abou Ben Mocha, is looking for his daughter, Zuleika and threatening revenge on the person who has kidnapped her.

It was the usual happy ending in which Jack is reunited with Mabel and Jerry with his fiancee, Virginia.

Mrs. Bridger removes her objection to the affair and Elmer and Zuleika are happily married. Even the cook, Mary Ann is happy again in the knowledge that she will be the bride of the detective, McNutt.

The part of Mabel was taken by Lila Gustafson, who portrayed the sorrowing young wife extremely well The role of Virginia was very charmingly enacted by Violet Sanders. Leona Ashton, as Zuleika, showed great talent at taking the part of a character who must speak with a foreign accent. Catherine Dau, cleverly acted the part of the mother-in-law, Mrs. Bridger. The Irish cook, Mary Ann, played by Gertrude Hockelburg, was one of the most humorous characters of the comedy.

The acting was very natural and caused a great deal of laughter.

Of the masculine characters, Leonard Dillingham, as Jack Montgomery, and Edgar Gustafson, as Jerry Arnold, had a long part, which was was very well worked out. The part of Elmer Flannel, who was in love with the Turkish girl with "the peachiest eyes," was played by Oakley Lutes. Harvey Biggs, was McNutt, the defective detective, as he was called, and Herbert Dalke made the unusually fierce Turk, Abou Ben Mocha.

Another pleasing feature was the stage and scenery. Both were very well worked up for such a limited space and had very little of the appearance so common to amateur theatricals.

Besides the play there were several specialties between acts. Dorothy Behrent played throughout the performance. Genevieve Frigolah, Astrid Larson, Marguerite Hockelburg and Marjorie Cuson each played selections on the piano and Hulda Johnson and Marjorie Cuson sang. On Saturday evening Fred Huffman also sang. Arthur Schmidt acted as business manager of the play.

The community is very well pleased with the performance and appreciates it greatly that the first thing of this kind for Liberty Center was such a success. The proceeds from the play are to be used by the Senior Class to help out in the publication of their Annual or year book, which is to be from the press early in May. This book written by the Seniors and containing pictures of all the pupils and teachers is another new thing on trial at Liberty Center.—(Copy, Chesterton Tribune.)

Teacher—"Name two cities of Indiana."
Leonard—"Woodville and Chicago."

HIS REWARD

EVER since his beloved Daddy had been taken from him Peter had tried to restrain his childish woes, and face the lonely years ahead of him as his father would have done. In the little town people said Peter's father had been queer. Peter tried to smother his resentment toward the people when they said these things, but when he could not control his feelings he would turn to the forest. To these huge trees he would pour out all his griefs, and seemed to get courage and comfort by doing this.

On one sultry afternoon, Peter crept away from the close and oppressive world and gossiping people, and sought the cool forest. As was his usual custom, he ran fast along the narrow path until he came to his own particular shade. This was a little grassy knoll near which ran a bubbling stream. Peter had not been seated here morethan a few minutes when the sound of voices came to his ears. He quickly looked around him, then swiftly and noiselessly scrambled up the tree out of sight from the path. Peter had no desire to meet anybody just then. Presently he was able to distinguish what was being said. "I tell you," one gruff voice was saying, "I heard the old man say he had all his money to home. He said he didn't think it was safe in any bank. Huh, he won't think it safe with him either after we pay him a visit."

"But Bill, he's got a whole string of servants, I bet," a second voice said.

"That old man got servants? Say, that squire is so tight he wouldn't even have a cook, if it wasn't for his own good."

All this Peter heard. Swiftly he comprehended what those men intended to do. They were going to rob old Squire Winthrop. If those men would leave he could run back to the village and warn the squire. Finally the men walked on. Making sure it would be quite safe to venture forth, Peter slid down the tree and started on a run for the village. He did not stop running until he came in sight of the squire's handsome, though uninviting residence. Just as Peter was going to turn into the gate, he saw the squire coming up the street.

Squire Winthrop was a silent and firm old man. Beyond a doubt he was the richest man in the community, but nobody was ever benefited by the money. People could starve, but it is said the squire would not lift a finger to help them. When his afternoon walk was interrupted by a little fellow he was anything but delighted. It was impossible to shake Peter off sfo he finally stopped and listened to him. What he heard made him feel uncomfortable. All he said, though, was, "Come with me."

That night a few men from the village, the squire, and Peter waited, a tense litle group. At last the silence was broken by a window being softly raised. Almost at the same time a shot from the squire's gun rang out. Then another shot coming from the window was heard. The lights were quickly turned on. A hole in the curtain showed where the squire's bullet had struck. The midnight visitors had left. They had not succeeded in getting the money, but they did succeed in something else. On the floor, in a silent little heap, lay Peter. He had gone to meet his father, whom he idolized.

Peter did not hear the simple praise that was given him. If he had he would have learned that the village people weren't wholly unkind. Perhaps he did learn it sometime. Who knows?

—DOROTHY BEHRENDT, '26.

Pictures That Can't be Painted

Grace Lenburg without her dismond.

Arvid not looking at Marguerite.

Alice without something to eat in History class.

High school girls without powder.

Mr. Davidson singing.

Marjorie C. with a face as solemn as a saint.

Ruth E. owner of the world's greatest pickle factory.

Hulda Johnson trying to persuade the judge of the gum chewing contest that she can chew faster than Lucy L.

Alice T. trying to walk on stilts so she can be as tall as——Guess who?

Herbert as chief cook in the hot lunch kitchen.

(Overheard in Latin class) Teacher—"James give the principle parts of the verb 'scio'."

Astrid—"Scio, slippere, falli, bumpus."

IMAGINE

Imagine Roy Hockelberg having another girl!

Imagine Liberty Center School without mice!

Imagine Astrid Johnson tall and thin!

Imagine Mr. Davidson with a moustache!

Imagine Genevieve F. and Arvid S. in love!

Imagine the girls of L. C. H. S. with long hair and short skirts once again!

Imagine the Botany class having its lesson!

Imagine Leroy H. in a pink silk dress!

Imagine L. C. H. S. with an auditorium!

Imagine Lila G. with black curly hair!

Imagine Grace L. not reading library books!

Imagine Iva and Ida C. getting "D" on their report cards!

Imagine Edgar not speeding!

Imagine Leona without freckles!

Imagine Miss Doepker short and fat!

Imagine Arvid S. in a hurry!

Imagine Lucy and Aille in their seats when the bell rings!

Imagine Catherine D. not having her lessons!

Imagine Marguerite H. skinny!

Imagine Violet late to school!

Imagine Mr. Welch paddling Marjorie!

Imagine Harvey B. not chewing gum!

Imagine L. C. H. S. being cleaned up!

Imagine Mr. Davidson to school on wash day!

Imagine the 8th grade being quiet!

Imagine the boys with rouge and powder on!

Imagine Dorothy playing the piano if there was a REAL fire!

Imagine Catherine in long skirts and flirting with the boys!

Imagine the piano keys clean!

Imagine Lucy dancing her jig at a Woodville vaudeville!

Imagine Mr. Welch rocking the baby to sleep!

Imagine Gertrude without her Geometry lesson!

Imagine Sylvester getting all his lessons!

Imagine Miss Doepker skipping first year Latin class!

Imagine Hulda and Mr. Welch racing at chewing Lifesavers!

Imagine Pearl Wheeler tall!

Imagine Dorothy B. with white hair, Hulda with jet black hair and red earrings, and Genevieve without her hair curled!

Imagine Mr. Davidson not calling Lucy and Marjorie down!

Imagine Ruth Esserman with her Botany lesson!

Imagine Alice T. laughing without crying!

Imagine Mr. Welch as a baby!

Imagine Genevieve F. singing a hymn for morning exercise!

Imagine Catherine D. idle!

Imagine Violet enjoying dishwashing!

Imagine Gertrude tipping the scale at 95 lbs.!

Imagine Leonard not talking to himself!

Imagine the Senior girls doing an experiment in Physics all by themselves!

Imagine Mr. Davidson not adjusting his spectacles every two minutes!

Imagine a day passing without a few packages of gum wasted! What a pity the teachers object to gum chewing.

Teacher—"Where is corn found?"

Junior, absent-mindedly—"On my toe."

Wouldn't it be funny not having the Junior and Senior classes practicing on "Safety First."?

WANTED, by Mr. Welch—A person with a Sherlock Holmes personality to unravel the mystery leading up to the downfall of the table on Friday, March 28, during practice hour. What he would like to know is why it went down like the "one hoss shay," where the deacon disappeared to, and how the white horse got away. Come forward Sherlock. An honest confession helps the soul.

Herbert learned that his moonshine wasn't good due to the fact he went to sleep and let it boil at 120 degrees. Mr. Davidson forwarded this information.

JOKES

Roy H. (very much excited)—"Oh, Miss Doepker, did you hear about the accident."

Miss Doepker—"No, what happened?"

Roy H.—"The Twentieth Century Limited ran into the LaSalle Street station."

Miss Doepker and Miss Babcock remind us of Slim and Spud in the "Prairie Farmer."

Wide awake Sophomore—"Please give me an eraser with a rubber on it."

Oakley said that he had broken his arch in two in four places.

Mother—"Oakley, what does 'D' mean? You have three of them on your report card."

Oakley—"Oh, them are all 'dandies'."

After receiving instructions Lila wanted to know if she should write that aluminum roll call.

Another Sophomore—"If you multiply the numerator of a fraction by a number, you do not change the value."

Miss Doepker (in English IV)—"What is a reputation?"

Leona—"That which you leave behind you."

"What are you thinking about, Marjorie?"

"Oh, nothing much, Herbert."

Herbert—"I thought perhaps your thoughts were about me."

Marjorie—"They were."

Arvid—"Have you any work here?"

Gravel road boss—"No, there is no work here."

Arvid—"Could you give me a job."

Mr. Welch—"Alice don't you say 'I won't' to me again. Now go to the board and prove corrollary I."

Alice—"I willin't, or —— er—I mean I can't."

BEST OF REASONS:

Pupil—"How is it that you always let Dorothy have her own way?"

Mr. Welch—"I tried to stop her once."

Mr. Welch—"Well, Oakley, what are you doing up in that tree."

Oakley—"Just got a note from the Sophomores telling me to haze myself."

Miss Deopker—"Translate next Alice."

Alice (translating)—"After the third watch Caesar retreated and followed himself."

Miss Deopker—"Translate this sentence: 'I am asking you which legion Caesar had with him'."

Roy (dreaming)—"Oh, the 10th legion of course."

I would suggest that some pupils provide themselves with pillows and an alarm clock. This would make their daily naps a little more comfortable for them.

Teacher (very much excited, when some time had been lost because the bell did not ring on time—"Ruth, name the Capitol of Indianapolis."

Ruth—"Indiana."

TEACHERS.

(Continued from page two)

countenance of peace and content, but in this room all was happiness and contentment.

Last, but not least, are the First, Second and Third grades, taught by another veteran teacher, Miss Aylesworth. In this room is the atmosphere of "I love these little people," which is not a slight thing, when they are so fresh from God and love us.

In all, I found a most homogeneous atmosphere in the whole Liberty Center High School.

—A VISITING MOTHER.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH GRADES.

(Continued from page fifteen)

hardly know that she is around, except by her laugh. This is not true of Earl, however. We always know he is around if there is any mischief afoot.

Leona is the poetess of her class and her poems are a delight to us all. Berenice is the organizer and president of the W. G. W.'s, who have entertained us so well on several occasions. Their club house is located just east of the school house. Irene is Miss Babcock's assistant. She faithfully report all the naughty things that the other puplis do. Raymond is a real genius. He can always figure out a way to do the impossible things. Alfred's greatest trouble is that he insists on being warm enough.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

(Continued from page seventeen)

the multiplication tables; that Henrietta will soon learn to borrow twice; that Henry and Rosalie will not smile at each other so often in school time; that Edna will soon learn to tell time; that Helen and Laura can soon decide which has the honor of being at the head of the class.

AUTOGRAPHS